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Urizen G. V.

Two Nostrels bent down to the deep In trembling & howling & dismay,
And a fifth Age pass'd over; And a seventh Age pass'd over;
And a state of dismal woe. And a state of dismal woe.

Chap. V.

11. In phastly torment sick;
Within his ribs bloated round,
A craving Hungry Cavern;
Thence arose his channel'd Throat,
And like a red flame a Tongue
Of thirst & of hunger appear'd.
And a sixth Age pass'd over;
And a state of dismal woe.

1. In terrars Los shrunk from his
task;
His great hammer fell from his hand;
His fires beheld, and sickening,
Hid their strong limbs in smoke.
For with noises ruinous loud;
With hurtlings & clashings & groans
The Immortal endur'd his chains.

12. Enraged & stifled with torment Tho' bound in a deadly sleep,
He threw his right Arm to the north,
His left Arm to the south.
Shooting out in anguish deep.
And his Feet stamp'd the nether Abyss.

2. All the myriads of Eternity;
All the wisdom & joy of life;
Roll like a sea around him.



Except what his little orbs
Of sight by degrees unfold.
Then he look'd back with anxious desire
But the space undivided by existence
Struck horror into his soul.

3. And now his eternal life
Like a dream was obliterated.

6. Los wept obscure with murmuring;
His bosom earthquak'd with sighs;
He yawn'd Urizen deadly black,
In his chains bound, & Pity began.

4. Shudd'ring, the Eternal Prophet smote
With a stroke, from his north to south
region
The bellows & hammer are silent now
A nerveless silence, his prophetic voice
Suff'd; a cold solitude & dark void.
The Eternal Prophet & Urizen clos'd
Life in carcasses pour'd down his
claws

5. Ages on ages roll'd over them
Cut off from life & light frozen
Into horrible forms of deformity
And left a round globe of blood
Los suffer'd his fires to decay
Trembling upon the Void